Love in a Village;

A

COMIC OPERA.

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OR,

The Sailor's Return:

A

MUSICAL FARCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Both Written by the

AUTHOR OF THIS OPERA,

AND

Performed, with great Applauſe, at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden.

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COMIC OPERA:

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED for R. BALDWIN, J. NEWBERY, W. GRIFFIN, W. NICOLL, T. LOWNDS, and BECKET and DE HONDT.

MDCCLXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

MR. BEARD.

SIR,

IT is with great pleaſure I embrace this opportunity to acknowledge the favours I have received from you. Among others, I would mention, in particular, the warmth with which you eſpouſed this piece in its paſſage to the ſtage; but I am afraid it would be thought a compliment to your good nature, too much at the expence of your judgment.

If what I now venture to lay before the public is conſidered merely as a piece of dramatic writing, it will certainly be found to have very little merit: in that light no one can think more indifferently of it than I do myſelf; but I believe I may venture to aſſert, on your opinion, that ſome of the ſongs are tolerable; that the muſic is more pleaſing than has hitherto appeared in any compoſition of this kind; and the words better adapted, conſidering the nature of the airs, which are not common ballads, than could be expected, ſuppoſing any degree of poetry to be preſerved in the verſification.

More

More than this few people expect in an Opera; and if ſome of the ſeverer critics ſhould be inclined to blame your indulgence to one of the firſt attempts of a young writer, I am perſuaded the public in general will applaud your endeavour to provide them with ſomething new, in a ſpecies of entertainment in which the performers at your theatre ſo eminently excel.

You may perceive, Sir, that I yield a punctual obſervance to the injunctions you laid upon me, when I threatened you with this addreſs, and make it rather a preface than a dedication. and yet I muſt confeſs I can hardly reconcile thoſe formalities which render it indelicate to pay praiſes where all the world allows them to be due; nor can I eaſily conceive why a man ſhould be ſo ſtudious to deſerve what he does not deſire: but ſince you will not allow me to offer any panegyric to you, I muſt haſten to beſtow one upon myſelf, and let the public know (which was my chief deſign in this introduction) that I have the happineſs to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir William Meadows,	Mr. Bennet.
Young Meadows,	Mr. Mattocks.
Juſtice Woodcock,	Mr. Shuter.
Hawthorn,	Mr. Beard.
Euſtace,	Mr. Dyer.
Hodge,	Mr. Dunſtall.

W O M E N.

Roſſetta,	Miſs Brent.
Lucinda,	Miſs Hallam.
Mrs. Deborah Woodcock,	Mrs. Walker.
Margery,	Miſs Wainwright

Country Men and Women, Servants, &c.

SCENE A VILLAGE.

Love in a Village.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A garden with ſtatues, fountains, and flower-pots. Several arbours appear in the ſide-ſcenes: Rossetta and Lucinda are diſcovered at work, ſeated upon two garden chairs.

AIR I.

Roſſetta. *HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,*
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Lucinda. *Hope! thou earneſt of delight,*
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find.

Both. *Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill,*
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſt;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

Lucin. Heigho——*Roſſetta?*

Roſſ. Well, child, what do you ſay?

Lucin. 'Tis a deviliſh thing to live in a village an hundred miles from the capital, with a prepoſterous gouty father, and a ſuperannuated maiden aunt.——I am heartily ſick of my ſituation.

Roſſ. And with reaſon.—But 'tis in a great meaſure your own fault: Here is this Mr. *Euſtace*, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him; you know one another's minds, and yet you will not reſolve to make yourſelf happy with him.

AIR II.

Whence can you inherit
So ſlaviſh a ſpirit?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
Now fondl'd, now chid,
Permitted, forbid,
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For ſhame, you a lover!
More firmneſs diſcover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope;
Reſiſt and be free,
Run riot like me,
And to perfect the picture elope.

Lucin. And this is your advice?

Roſſ. Poſitively.

Lucin. Here's my hand; poſitively I'll follow it.—I have already ſent to my gentleman, who is now in the country,

country, to let him kuow he may come hither this day; we will make uſe of the opportunity to ſettle all preliminaries——And then——But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Roſſ. Oh! madam, your ſervant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I aſſure you—But you ſay you got acquainted with this ſpark, while you were with your mother during her laſt illneſs at Bath, ſo that your father has never ſeen him.

Lucin. Never in his life, my dear; and I am confident he entertains not the leaſt ſuſpicion of my having any ſuch connection; my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and ſurmiſes; but, beſides that my father will not allow any one to be wiſer than himſelf, it is an eſtabliſhed maxim between theſe affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

Roſſ. Except being abſurd; you muſt allow they ſympathize, perfectly, in that——But now we are on the ſubject, I deſire to know what I am to do with this wicked old juſtice of peace, this libidinous father of yours? he follows me about the houſe like a tame goat.

Lucin. Nay, I'll aſſure you he has been a wag in his time—you muſt have a care of yourſelf.

Roſſ. Wretched me! to fall into ſuch hands, who have been juſt forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage——You ſmile at that now; and I know you think me whimſical, as you have often told me; but you muſt excuſe my being a little over delicate in this particular.

AIR III.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice;
No mortal man ſhall wed with me,
Till firſt he's made my choice.
Let parents rule, ery nature's laws,
And children ſtill obey;
And is there then no ſaving clauſe,
Againſt tyrannic ſway?

Lucin. Well, but my dear mad girl——

Roſſ. *Lucinda*, don't talk to me——Was your father to go to London, meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong-headed as himſelf; and in a fit of abſurd friendſhip agree to marry you to that old fellow's ſon, whom you had never ſeen, without conſulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in caſe he ſhould not prove agreeable———

Lucin. Why, I ſhould think it a little hard, I confeſs——yet when I ſee you in the character of a chambermaid———

Roſſ. It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed; and I can tell you, I was reduced to the laſt extremity, when, in conſequence of our old boarding-ſchool friendſhip, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity: for we expected the parties the very next week——

Lucin. But had not you a meſſage from your intended ſpouſe, to let you know he was as little inclined to ſuch ill-concerted nuptials as you were? *Roſſ.*

Roſſ. More than ſo; he wrote to adviſe me, by all means, to contrive ſome method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear ſtudies at Oxford; and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

Lucin. Then you are not at all uneaſy at the ſtrange rout you muſt have occaſioned at home? I warrant, during this month that you have been abſent——

Roſſ. Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had ſo many admirers ſince I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my ſituation—But hold, who ſtalks yonder into the yard, that the dogs are ſo glad to ſee?

Lucin. Daddy Hawthorn as I live! He is come to pay my father a viſit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourſelf while I ſtep into the houſe to ſee after my truſty meſſenger, *Hodge?*

Roſſ. No matter, I'll ſit down in that arbour and liſten to the ſinging of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amuſements.

Lucin. So it ſeems indeed: ſure *Roſſetta* none of your admirers had power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Roſſ. In love! that's pleaſant: who do you ſuppoſe I ſhould be in love with, pray?

Lucin. Why let me ſee——What do you think of Thomas our gardener? there he is at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the ſervants ſay he's always writing verſes on you.

Roſſ. Indeed *Lucinda* you are very ſilly.

Lucin. Indeed *Roſſetta* that bluſh makes you look very handſome.

Roſſ.

Roſſ. Bluſh! I am ſure I don't bluſh.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha!

Roſſ. Pſhaw, *Lucinda*, how can you be ſo ridiculous?

Lucin. Well, don't be angry and I have done—But ſuppoſe you did like him, how could you help yourſelf?

AIR IV.

When once love's ſubtle poiſon gains,
A paſſage to the female breaſt;
Like lightning ruſhing through the veins,
Each wiſh, and ev'ry thought's poſſeſt.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reaſon in vain its ſkill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleaſing to the eyes.

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. Let me ſee—on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour paſt five in the morning (*taking out a pocket book*) I left my father's houſe unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's which fitted me, by way of a diſguiſe:——ſo ſays my pocket book; and chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the ſame month I procured a recommendation to the worſhipful juſtice *Woodcock*, to be the ſuperintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, becauſe I would let my father ſee I choſe to run any lengths rather than ſubmit to what his obſtinacy would have forced me, a marriage againſt my inclination, with a woman I never

ſaw

ſaw *(puts up the book and takes a watering pot)*. Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered as if I had changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chambermaid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the ſon and heir of Sir William Meadows—But that's impoſſible.

AIR V.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage ſwain;
In fair Roſſetta's *ſight to feed*
My ſheep upon the plain;
What bliſs had I been born to taſte,
Which now I ne'er muſt know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot ſo low?

Hah! who was it I had a glympſe of as I paſt by that arbour? was it not ſhe ſat reading there? the trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not miſtaken—— Here ſhe comes.

SCENE III.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Roſſ. *Lucinda* was certainly in the right of it, and yet I bluſh to own my weakneſs even to myſelf—— Marry, hang the fellow for not being a gentleman.

Y. Meadows. I am determined I won't ſpeak to her *(turning to a roſe tree, and plucking the flowers)*. Now or never is the time to conquer myſelf: Beſides, I have ſome reaſon to believe the girl has no averſion to me, and

as

as I wiſh not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen *(hums a tune)*. Pſha; rot theſe roſes, how they prick one's fingers.

Roſſ. He takes no notice of me; but ſo much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am ſure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I ſuppoſe the next thing he talked of would be buying a ring, and being aſked in church—Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

Y. Meadows. Hah, going without a word! a look! ——I can't bear that—Mrs. *Roſſetta*, I am gathering a few roſes here, if you'll pleaſe to take them in with you.

Roſſ. Thank you, Mr. *Thomas*, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Y. Meadows. Will you accept of them for yourſelf, then, *(catching hold of her)*. What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Roſſ. Pray, let go my hand.

Y. Meadows. Nay, pr'ythee, why is this? you ſhan't go, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Roſſ. Well, but I muſt go, I will go; I deſire, Mr. *Thomas!*

AIR VI.

Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly;
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe, to perſevere,
Speak not what I muſt not hear,
To my heart its eaſe reſtore,
Go and never ſee me more.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

This girl is a riddle—That ſhe loves me, I think there is no room to doubt; ſhe takes a thouſand opportunities to let me ſee it; and yet when I ſpeak to her, ſhe will hardly give me an anſwer; and if I attempt the ſmalleſt familiarity, is gone in an inſtant—I feel my paſſion for her grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her? would I make a miſtreſs of her if I could? Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I purſuing, then? a ſhadow. Sure my evil genius laid this ſnare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if ſo, why do I heſitate? I am diſtracted, unable to determine any thing.

AIR VII.

Still in hopes to get the better
Of my ſtubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with ſcorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Boaſt my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf a ſlave.

SCENE V.

A hall in Juſtice WOODCOCK's houſe. Enter HAWTHORN with a fowling piece in his hand, and a net with birds at his girdle: and afterwards Juſtice WOODCOCK.

AIR VIII.

There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, and ſung, from morn till night,
No lark more blyth than he.
And this the burthen of his ſong,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.

Houſe here, houſe; what all gadding, all abroad! houſe I ſay, hilli ho ho!

J. Woodcock. Here's a noiſe, here's a racket! *William, Robert, Hodge!* why does not ſomebody anſwer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have loſt their hearing: *(Entering)* Oh maſter *Hawthorn!* I gueſſed it was ſome ſuch mad cap——Are you there?

Hawth. Am I here, yes: and if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy unwholſome London faſhion, of lying a bed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, Sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after ſun-riſe theſe thirty years, am generally

generally up before it; and I never took a doſe of phyſic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a couſin of mine an apothecary, that had juſt ſet up buſineſs.

J. Woodcock. Well but maſter *Hawthorn*, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter, for I ſay ſleep is neceſſary for a man, ay and I'll maintain it.

Hawth. What, when I maintain the contrary!—Look you, neighbour *Woodcock*, you are a rich man, a man of worſhip, a juſtice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the reſpect that is due to the ſound from the infirm; and allow me the ſuperiority a good conſtitution gives me over you—Health is the greateſt of all poſſeſſions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobler is a better man than a ſick king.

J. Woodcock. Well, well, you are a ſportſman.

Hawth. And ſo would you too, if you would take my advice. A ſportſman! why there is nothing like it: I would not exchange the ſatisfaction I feel while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in Chriſtendom.

AIR IX.

Let gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light.
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

SCENE VI.

Juſtice WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worſhip call, Sir?

J. Woodcock. Call, Sir! where have you and the reſt of thoſe raſcals been? But I ſuppoſe I need not aſk—You muſt know there is a ſtatute, a fair for hiring ſervants, held upon my green to-day, we have it uſually at this ſeaſon of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their ſenſes.

Hodge. Lord your honour look out, and ſee what a nice ſhew they make yonder; they had got pipers, and fidlers, and were dancing as I com'd along for dear life ——I never ſaw ſuch a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

Hawth. Why I like this now, this is as it ſhould be.

J. Woodcock. No, no, 'tis a a very fooliſh piece of buſineſs; good for nothing but to promote idleneſs and the getting of baſtards: but I ſhall take meaſures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not ſufficiently authorized already: For by an act paſſed *Anno undecimo Caroli primi*, which impowers a juſtice of peace, who is lord of the manor——

Hawth.

Hawth. Come, come, never mind the act, let me tell you this is a very proper, a very uſeful meeting; I want a ſervant or two myſelf, I muſt go ſee what your market affords;——and you ſhall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the reſt.

J. Woodcock. I wiſh, maſter *Hawthorn*, I cou'd teach you to be a little more ſedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and conſider your dignity——Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man, you laugh too much ever to be rich.

Hawth. Right, neighbour *Woodcock!* health, good humour, and competence is my motto: and if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

AIR X.

The honeſt heart, whoſe thoughts are clear
From fraud, diſguiſe, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's ſmile.

The greatneſs that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

LUCINDA, HODGE.

Lucin. Hiſt, hiſt, *Hodge!*

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Lucin. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been, ay I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out ſo croſsly in your born days.

Lucin. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horſe out of his worſhip's ſtables this morning, for fear it ſhould be miſſed, and breed queſtions; and our old nag at home was ſo cruelly beat i'th'hoofs, that, poor beaſt, it had not a foot to ſet to ground; ſo I was fain to go to farmer Ploughſhare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly: and, would you think it? after walking all that way——de'el from me, if the croſs-grained toad did not deny me the favour.

Lucin. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the King's head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to ſeek below at the turnpike: ſo at laſt for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame Quickſet's blind mare.

Lucin. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Lucin. Pſha! why did not you ſay ſo at once?

Hodge. Ay, but I have had a main tireſome jaunt on't, for ſhe is a ſorry jade at beſt——

Lucin.

Lucin. Well, well, did you ſee Mr. *Euſtace*, and what did he ſay to you:——Come quick——have you e'er a letter?

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha' na' loſt it.

Lucin. Loſt it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience, adwawns, you are always in ſuch a hurry *(rummaging his pockets)* I put it ſomewhere in this waiſtcoat pocket. Oh here it is.

Lucin. So, give it me *(reads the letter to herſelf)*.

Hodge. Lord-a-mercy! how my arm achs with beating that plaguy beaſt; I'll be hanged if I won'na' rather ha' thraſh'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Lucin. Well, *Hodge*, you have done your buſineſs very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Lucin. Yes—Mr. *Euſtace* tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock———You know where he came before.

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Lucin. Well, you muſt go there; and wait till he arrives; and watch your opportunity to introduce him acroſs the fields, into the little ſummer houſe, on the left ſide of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Lucin. But take particular care that nobody ſees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Lucin. Nor for your life drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Lucin. And *Hodge*———

AIR

AIR XI.

Hodge. *Well, well, ſay no more,*
Sure you told me before;
I ſee the full length of my tether;
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to ſchool?
I can ſpell you and put you together.

A word to the wiſe,
Will always ſuffice,
Addſniggers go talk to your parrot;
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Though I ſay it myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot.

SCENE VIII.

LUCINDA.

How ſevere is my caſe? here am I obliged to carry on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a man in all reſpects my equal, becauſe the oddity of my father's temper is ſuch, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet ſeen the perſon I ſhould like to marry——But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title——Vain imagination!

AIR

AIR XII.

Cupid, god of ſoft perſuaſion,
Take the helpleſs lover's part:
Seize, oh ſeize, ſome kind occaſion
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.

What is grandeur? foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt;
Happy I in humble ſtate;
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

SCENE IX.

A field with a ſtile. Enter HODGE, followed by MARGERY; and in ſome time after, enter young MEADOWS.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for? Odds fleſh, folk may well talk, to ſee you dangling after me every where, like a tantony pig; find ſome other road can't you; and don't keep wherreting me with your nonſenſe.

Marg. Nay pray you *Hodge* ſtay, and let me ſpeak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well; what ſayn you?

Marg. Dear heart, how can you be ſo barbarous? and is this the way you ſerve me after all? and won't you keep your word, *Hodge?*

Hodge. Why no I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Marg. Nay but ſurely, ſurely——Conſider, *Hodge*, you are obligated in conſcience to make me an honeſt woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conſcience! How am I obligated?

Marg. Becauſe you are: and none but the baſeſt of rogues would bring a poor girl to ſhame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to ſhame! don't make me ſpeak, *Madge*, don't make me ſpeak.

Marg. Yes do, ſpeak your worſt.

Hodge. Why then if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the Weſt, for a baſtard you had by the clerk of the pariſh, and I'll bring the man ſhall ſay it to your face.

Marg. No, no, *Hodge*, 'tis no ſuch a thing, 'tis a baſe lie of farmer *Ploughſhare's*——But I know what makes you falſe hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting woman, and I am ſure ſhe's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How ſhould you know what ſhe's fit for, ſhe's fit for as much as you mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, *Madge*. [*Seeing Young Meadows.*] Oh! maſter *Thomas*, I have a word or two to ſay to you; pray did not you go down the village one day laſt week with a baſket of ſomewhat upon your ſhoulder?

Y. Meadows. Well, and what then!

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the oſtler at the Green-man was ſaying as how there was a paſſenger at their houſe

houſe as ſee'd you go by, and ſaid he know'd you; and axt a mort of queſtions——So I thought I'd tell you.

Y. Meadows. The devil! aſk queſtions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there muſt be ſome miſtake in it———Come hither, *Hodge.*

Marg. A naſty ungrateful fellow, to uſe me at this rate, after being to him as I have.——Well, well, I wiſh all poor girls would take warning by my miſhap, and never have nothing to ſay to none of them.

AIR XIII.

How happy were my days, till now
I ne'er did ſorrow feel,
I roſe with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the ſilly, ſilly fool,
Who truſts what man may be;
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

SCENE X.

A green with the proſpect of a village, and the repreſentation of a ſtatute or fair. Enter Juſtice WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, Young MEADOWS, HODGE, and ſeveral country people.

Hodge. This way, your worſhip, this way. Why don't you ſtand aſide there? Here's his worſhip a coming.

Countryman. His worſhip!

J. Woodcock. Fye, fye, what a crowd's this! odd, I'll put ſome of them in the ſtocks. [*Striking a fellow.*] Stand out of the way, ſirrah.

Hawth. For ſhame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to ſerve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you liſt ma? Serve the king maſter! no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

Hawth. Well ſaid, ſturdy-boots.

J. Woodcock. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll anſwer you.

Hawth. I would have them do ſo, I like they ſhould.—Well, Madam, is not this a fine ſight? I did not know my neighbour's eſtate had been ſo well peopled.—Are all theſe his own tenants?

Mrs. Deb. More than are good of them, Mr. *Hawthorn.* I don't like to ſee ſuch a parcel of young huſſeys ſleering with the fellows.

Hawth.

Hawth. There's a laſs [*beckoning a country girl*]. Come hither my pretty maid. What brings you here? [*Chucking her under the chin*] Do you come to look for a ſervice?

C. Girl. Yes, an't pleaſe you.

Hawth. Well, and what place are you for?

C. Girl. All work, an't pleaſe you.

J. Woodcock. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. Deb. She looks like a brazen one.—Go huſſey.

Hawth. Here's another [*Catching a girl that goes by*]. What health, what bloom!—This is nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be aſhamed, child; thoſe cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

SCENE XI.

Juſtice WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, Young MEADOWS, HODGE, and men and women ſervants.

Hodge. Now your honour, now the ſport will come. The gut-ſcrapers are here, and ſome among them are going to ſing and dance. Why, there's not the like of our ſtatute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant-man. Come, good people, make a ring, and ſtand out, fellow ſervants, as many of you as are willing, and able to bear a bob. We'll let my maſters and miſtreſſes ſee we can do ſomething at leaſt; if they won't hire us, it ſhan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants Medley.

AIR

AIR XIV.

HOUSE-MAID.

I pray ye, gentles, liſt to me,
I'm young, and ſtrong, and clean to ſee:
I'll not turn tail to any ſhe
For work that's in the county.
Of all your houſe the charge I take,
I waſh, I ſcrub, I brew, I bake;
And more can do than here I'll ſpeak,
Depending on your bounty.

FOOTMAN.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry;
And what tho' here I now appear,
I've ſerv'd the beſt of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dreſs, and comb, and ſhave;
For I a handy lad am,
On a meſſage I can go,
And ſlip a billet-doux,
With your humble ſervant, madam.

COOK-MAID.

Who wants a good cook, my hand they muſt croſs,
For plain wholeſome diſhes I'm ne'er at a loſs;
And what are your ſoups, your ragouts, and your ſauce,
Compar'd to old Engliſh roaſt beef.

CARTER.

CARTER.

If you want a young man, with a true honeſt heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
Here's one for your purpoſe, come take me and try;
You'll ſay you ne'er met with a better nor I,
Ge ho Dobbin, &c.

CHORUS.

My maſters and miſtreſſes, hither repair,
What ſervants you want you will find in our fair;
Men and maids fit for all ſorts of ſtations there be;
And, as for the wages, we ſhan't diſagree.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A parlour in Juſtice WOODCOCK's houſe.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE

Lucin. WELL, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's houſe at noon-day? though, to ſay the truth, we are ſafer here than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof beſide ourſelves.

Euſt. Then why not put our ſcheme into execution this moment? I have a poſt-chaiſe ready.

Lucin. Fye! how can you talk ſo lightly? I proteſt I am afraid to have any thing to do with you; your paſſion ſeems too much founded on appetite; and my aunt *Deborah* ſays———

Euſt. What! by all the rapture my heart now feels.

Lucin. Oh to be ſure, promiſe and vow; it ſounds prettily, and never fails to impoſe upon a fond female.

AIR XV.

We women like weak Indians trade,
Whoſe judgment tinſel ſhew decoys;
Dupes to our folly we are made,
While artful man the gain enjoys:
We give our treaſure to be paid,
A paltry, poor return! in toys.

Euſt.

Euſt. Well, I ſee you have a mind to divert yourſelf with me; but I wiſh I could prevail on you to be a little ſerious.

Lucin. Seriouſly then, what would you deſire me to ſay? I have promiſed to run away with you; which is as great a conceſſion as any reaſonable lover can expect from his miſtreſs.

Euſt. Yes; but, you dear provoking angel, you have not told me when you will run away with me.

Lucin. Why that, I confeſs, requires ſome conſideration.

Euſt. Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the ſeaſon, now ſo favourable to us may elapſe, never to return.

AIR X.

Think, my faireſt, how delay
Danger every moment brings;
Time flies ſwift, and will away;
Time that's ever on it's wings:
Doubting and ſuſpence at beſt,
Lovers late repentance coſt,
Let us, eager to be bleſt,
Seize occaſion e'er 'tis loſt,

SCENE II.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE, *Juſtice* WOODCOCK, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

J. Woodcock. Why here is nothing in the world in this houſe but catter-wawling from morning till night, nothing but catter-wawling. Hoity toity! who have we here?

Lucin. My father and my aunt!

Euſt. The devil! What ſhall we do?

Lucin. Take no notice of them, only obſerve me. (*Speaks aloud to* Euſtace) Upon my word, Sir I don't know what to ſay to it, unleſs the Juſtice was at home; he is juſt ſtepped into the village with ſome company; but, if you will ſit down a moment, I dare ſwear he will return—(*pretends to ſee the Juſtice*)—Oh! Sir, here is my papa!

J. Wookcock. Here is your papa, huſſey! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, Sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your buſineſs here?

Euſt. Sir this is a language I am not uſed to.

J. Woodcock. Don't anſwer me you raſcal—I am a juſtice of the peace, and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll ſend you to jail for all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. Deb. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

J. Woodcock. And how do you know it's right? How ſhould you know any thing's right?——Siſter *Deborah*, you are never in the right.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about ſo long.

J. Woodcock. What man, goody wiſeacre!

Mrs. Deb.

Mrs. Deb. Why the man your daughter has an intrigue with; but I hope you will not believe it now, though you ſee it with your own eyes.—Come, huſſey, confeſs, and don't let your father make a fool of himſelf any longer.

Lucin. Confeſs what, aunt? This gentleman is a muſic-maſter; he goes about the country teaching ladies to play and ſing; and has been recommended to inſtruct me; I could not turn him out when he came to offer his ſervice, and did not know what anſwer to give him 'till I ſaw my papa.

J. Woodcock. A muſic-maſter!

Euſt. Yes, Sir that's my profeſſion.

Mrs. Deb. It's a lye, young man; it's a lye. Brother he is no more a muſic-maſter, than I am a muſic-maſter.

J. Woodcock. What then you know better than the fellow himſelf, do you? and you will be wiſer than all the world?

Mrs. Deb. Brother, he does not look like a muſic-maſter.

J. Woodcock. He does not look! ha, ha, ha! Was ever ſuch a poor ſtupe! Well, and what does he look like then? But I ſuppoſe you mean, he is not dreſſed like a muſic-maſter, becauſe of his ruffles, and this bit of garniſhing about his coat,—which ſeems to be copper too —Why you ſilly wretch, theſe whipperſnappers ſet up for gentlemen, now a-days, and give themſelves as many airs as if they were people of quality.--Hark you friend, I ſuppoſe you don't come within the vagrant act; you have ſome ſettled habitation;—Where do you live?

Mrs. Deb. It's an eaſy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

J. Woodcock. Siſter *Deborah* don't provoke me.

Mrs. Deb. I wiſh, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

J. Woodcock. You ſhan't ſay a word to him, you ſhan't ſay a word to him.

Mrs. Deb. She ſays he was recommended here, brother; aſk him by whom?

J. Woodcock. No, I wont now becauſe you deſire it.

Lucin. If my papa did aſk the queſtion, aunt, it would be very eaſily reſolved.

Mrs. Deb. Who bid you ſpeak, Mrs. Nimble Chops? I ſuppoſe the man has a tongue in his head, to anſwer for himſelf.

J. Woodcock. Will nobody ſtop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. Deb. Well, ſo I can, brother; I don't want to ſtay; but remember, I tell you, you will make yourſelf ridiculous in this affair; for through your own obſtinacy you will have your daughter run away with before your face.

J. Woodcock. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. Deb. That fellow will.

J. Woodcock. Go, go, you are a wicked cenſorious woman.

Lucin. Why, ſure madam you muſt think me very coming indeed.

J. Woodcock. Ay, ſhe judges of others by herſelf; I remember when ſhe was a girl, her mother dare not truſt

truſt her the length of her apron ſtring; ſhe was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. Deb. I was not.

J. Woodcock. You were.

Lucin. Well, but why ſo violent?

AIR XVII.

Believe me dear aunt,
If you rave thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover perſuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid——

How happy the laſs,
Muſt ſhe come to this paſs,
Who antient virginity 'ſcapes:
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

SCENE III.

Juſtice WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

J. Woodcock. Well done, *Lucy*, ſend her about her buſineſs, a troubleſome, fooliſh creature, does ſhe think I want to be directed by her—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerably honeſt——

Euſt. I hope, ſir, I ſhall never give you cauſe to alter your opinion.

J. Woodcock. No, no, I am not eaſily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures;—You muſt know

know, I had once a little notion of muſic myſelf, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peaſe, and two or three tunes. I remember when I was in *London*, about thirty years ago, there was a ſong, a great favourite at our club at *Nando*'s coffee-houſe; *Jack Pickle* uſed to ſing it for us: a droll fiſh; but 'tis an old thing, I dare ſwear you have heard it often.

AIR XVIII.

When I follow'd a laſs that was froward and ſhy,
Oh! I ſtuck to her ſtuff, 'till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her ſo lovingly round the waiſt,
And I ſmack'd her lips, and I held her faſt:
When hugg'd and haul'd,
She ſqueal'd and ſquall'd;
But though ſhe vow'd all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her ſo well, that ſhe bore it again,
Then hoity, toity,
Whiſking, friſking,
Green was her gown upon the graſs;
Oh! ſuch were the joys of our dancing days.

Euſt. Very well, ſir, upon my word.

J. Woodcock. No, no, I forget all thoſe things now; but I could do a little at them once:—Well, ſtay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—*Lucy*, take your maſter to your ſpinnet, and ſhew him what you can do—I muſt go and give ſome orders; *then hoity, toity*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Lucin. My ſweet pretty papa, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, hah, hah, hah! was ever ſo whimſical an accident! well ſir, what do you think of this?

Euſt. Think of it! I am in a maze.

Lucin. O your awkwardneſs! I was frightened out of my wits, leſt you ſhould not take the hint! and if I had not turned matters ſo cleverly, we ſhould have been utterly undone.

Euſt. 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the houſe? we could expect nothing elſe: beſides, ſince they did ſurpriſe us, it would have been better to have diſcovered the truth.

Lucin. Yes, and never have ſeen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a huſband, and let me tell you, that is our beſt ſecurity; for if once he has ſaid a thing he will not be eaſily perſuaded to the contrary.

Euſt. And pray what am I to do now?

Lucin. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, ſince he has invited you to dinner with him, ſtay, only be cautious of your behaviour; and in the mean time, I will conſider what is next to be done.

Euſt. Had not I better go to your father?

Lucin. Do ſo, while I endeavour to recover myſelf a little, out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

Euſt. Well, but what ſort of a parting is this, without ſo much as your ſervant, or good by to you. No ceremony

ceremony at all? can you afford me no token to keep up my ſpirits 'till I ſee you again.

Lucin. Ah childiſh!

Euſt. My angel?

AIR XIX.

Euſt. *Let rakes and libertines reſign'd*
To ſenſual pleaſures, range!
Here all the ſex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Lucin. *Let vain coquets, and prudes conceal,*
What moſt their hearts deſire;
With pride my paſſion I reveal,
Oh! may it ne'er expire.

Both. *The ſun ſhall ceaſe to ſpread its light.*
The ſtars their orbits leave;
And fair creation ſink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

SCENE V.

A Garden.

Enter ROSSETTA, muſing.

Roſſ. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, ſurely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head, and yet I would fain perſuade myſelf I don't care for him: well, but ſurely I am not in love, let me examine my heart a little: I ſaw him kiſſing one of the maids the other day; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever ſince. Why was I uneaſy

uneaſy at his toying with another woman? what was it to me?—Then I dream of him almoſt every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermoſt in my thoughts all day: Oh! worſe and worſe!—Well he is certainly a pretty lad; he has ſomething uncommon about him, conſidering his rank:—And now let me only put the caſe, if he was not a ſervant, would I, or would I not prefer him to all the men I ever ſaw? Why, to be ſure, if he was not a ſervant——In ſhort, I'll aſk myſelf no more queſtions, for, the further I examine, the leſs reaſon I ſhall have to be ſatisfied.

AIR XX.

How bleſs'd the maid, whoſe boſom
No head-ſtrong paſſion knows;
Her days in joy ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in calm repoſe.
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleaſure,
Without meaſure,
From ev'ry object flows.

SCENE VII.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Y. Meadows. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. *Roſſetta*, to put my lilies and roſes out of countenance; or to ſave me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The ſun ſeems to have hid himſelf a little, to give you an opportunity of ſupplying his place.

Roſſ. Where could he get that now? he never read it in the Academy of Compliments?

Y. Meadows. Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can ſuffer any thing better than that: in ſhort, I love you; there is no more to be ſaid: I am angry with myſelf for it, and ſtrive all I can againſt it; but, in ſpite of myſelf, I love you.

AIR XXXI.

In vain I ev'ry art eſſay,
To pluck the venom'd ſhaft away
That wrankles in my heart;
Deep in the centre fix'd, and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the ſmart.

Roſſ. Really, Mr. *Thomas*, this is very improper language; it is what I don't underſtand; I can't ſuffer it; and, in ſhort, I don't like it.

Y. Meadows. Perhaps you don't like me.

Roſſ. Well, perhaps I don't.

Y. Meadows. Nay, but 'tis not ſo; come, confeſs you love me.

Roſſ. Confeſs! indeed I ſhall confeſs no ſuch thing: beſides, to what purpoſe ſhould I confeſs it?

Y. Meadows. Why, as you ſay, I don't know to what purpoſe; only it would be a ſatisfaction to me to hear you ſay ſo; that's all.

Roſſ. Why, if I did love you, I can aſſure you, you wou'd never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak; we cannot always anſwer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and, if I was ſo ſilly; I ſay, if I was ſo indiſcreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumſtances are quite unſuitable,

and

and there are obſtacles in the way that cannot be ſurmounted——

Y. Meadows. Oh! to be ſure, Mrs. *Roſſetta*, to be ſure: you are entirely in the right of it——I——know very well, you and I can never come together.

Roſſ. Well then, ſince that is the caſe, as I aſſure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Y. Meadows. Suppoſe we make a bargain, then, never to ſpeak to one another any more?

Roſſ. With all my heart.

Y. Meadows. Nor look at, nor, if poſſible, think of, one another.

Roſſ. I am very willing.

Y. Meadows. And, as long as we ſtay in the houſe together, never to take any notice.

Roſſ. It is the beſt way.

Y. Meadows. Why, I believe it is——Well, Mrs. *Roſſetta*——

AIR XXII.

Roſſ. *Be gone——I agree*
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've ſworn:

Y. Mead. *Yet let me complain*
Of the fates that ordain,
A tryal ſo hard to be borne.

Roſſ. *When things are but fit,*
We ſhould calmly ſubmit;
No cure in reluctance we find:

Y. Mead. *Then thus I obey,*
Tear your image away.
And baniſh you quite from my mind.

Roſſ. Well, now I think I am ſomewhat eaſier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, becauſe it puts an end to things at once.

Y. Meadows. Hold, Mrs. *Roſſetta*, pray ſtay a moment——The airs this girl gives herſelf are intolerable: I find now the cauſe of her behaviour; ſhe deſpiſes the meanneſs of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'ſdeath, I have a good mind to diſcover myſelf to her.

Roſſ. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I muſt not pity him.

Y. Meadows. It ſhall be ſo; I will diſcover myſelf to her, and leave the houſe directly——Mrs. *Roſſetta*——*(ſtarting back)*—Pox on it, yonder's the Juſtice come into the garden ——

Roſſ. O Lord; he will walk round this way; pray go about your buſineſs; I would not for the world he ſhould ſee us together?

Y. Meadows. The devil take him; he's gone acroſs the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour; I muſt and will have a little converſation with you.

Roſſ. Some other time.

Y. Meadows. This evening, in the green houſe, at the lower end of the canal; I have ſomething to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Roſſ. Meet you!

Y. Meadows. Ay, I have a ſecret to tell you; and I ſwear, from that moment, there ſhall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

Roſſ.

Roſſ. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Y. Meadows. You'll come then.

Roſſ. I don't know, perhaps I may.

Y. Meadows. Nay, but promiſe.

Roſſ. What ſignifies promiſing; I may break my promiſe——but I tell you I will.

Y. Meadows. Enough—Yet before I leave you, let me deſire you to believe I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that, when I relinquiſh you, I give up all that can make my life ſupportable.

AIR XXII.

Oh! how ſhall I in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell;
Or form my falt'ring tongue to ſpeak,
That cruel word, farewell!
Farewell——but know tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray:
Go where I will, my conſtant heart,
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

SCENE IV.

ROSSETTA, Juſtice WOODCOCK.

Roſſ. What can this be that he wants to tell me, I have a ſtrange curioſity to hear it, methinks—well—

J. Woodcock. Hem: hem: *Roſſetta.*

Roſſ. So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtſhip of a different kind; but I'll give him a ſurfeit——did you call me, Sir.

J. Woodcock. Ay, where are you running ſo faſt?

Roſſ. I was only going into the houſe, Sir.

J. Woodcock. Well but come here: come here, I ſay *(looking about)* how do you do, *Roſſetta?*

Roſſ.

Roſſ. Thank you ſir, pretty well.

J. Woodcock. Why you look as freſh and bloomy to-day——Adad you little ſlut I believe you are painted.

Roſſ. Oh! Sir, you are pleaſed to compliment.

J. Woodcock. Adad I believe you are—let me try—

Roſſ. Lord Sir!

J. Woodcock. What brings you into this garden ſo often, *Roſſetta?* I hope you don't get eating green fruit and traſh; or have you a hankering after ſome lover in dowlas, who ſpoils my trees by engraving true lovers knots on them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I ſee your name written upon the cieling of the ſervants hall, with the ſmoak of a candle; and I ſuſpect——

Roſſ. Not me I hope Sir——No Sir; I am of another gueſs mind I aſſure you; for I have heard ſay, men are ſo falſe and fickle——

J. Woodcock. Ay, that's your flanting idle young fellows; ſo they are; and they are ſo damn'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to ſay to them; beſides, all that they want, is ſomething to brag of, and tell again.

Roſſ. Why, I own Sir, if ever I was to make a ſlip, it ſhould be with an elderly gentleman—about ſeventy or ſeventy-five years of age.

J. Woodcock. No, child, that's out of reaſon; tho' I have known many a man turned of threeſcore with a hale conſtitution——

Roſſ. Then, ſir, he ſhould be troubled with the gout, have a good ſtrong, ſubſtantial winter cough—and I ſhould not like him the worſe—if he had a ſmall touch of the rheumatiſm.

J. Woodcock.

J. Woodcock. Pho, pho, *Roſſetta*, this is jeſting.

Roſſ. No, Sir, every body has a taſte, and I have mine.

J. Woodcock. Well, but *Roſſetta*, have you thought of what I was ſaying to you?

Roſſ. What was it, ſir?

J. Woodcock. Ah; you know, you know, well enough, huſſey.

Roſſ. Dear ſir, conſider my ſoul; would you have me endanger my ſoul.

J. Woodcock. No, no——Repent

Roſſ. Beſides, ſir, conſider, what has a poor ſervant to depend on but her character? And I have heard you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

J. Woodcock. I tell you again, theſe are the idle, flaſhy young dogs: but when you have to do with a ſtaid, ſober man——

Roſſ. And a magiſtrate! ſir.

J. Woodcock. Right, it's quite a different thing—— Well, ſhall we *Roſſetta*, ſhall we?

Roſſ. Really, ſir, I don't know what to ſay to it.

AIR XXIV.

Young I am, and ſore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmleſs maid?
Lead an innocent aſtray?
Tempt me not, kind ſir, I pray.
Men too often we believe,
And ſhou'd you my faith deceive;
Ruin firſt, and then forſake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

J. Wood-

J. Woodcock. Why you ſilly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Roſſ. Won't you, ſir?

J. Woodcock. Not I.

Roſſ. But won't you, indeed, ſir?

J. Woodcock. Why I tell you I won't.

Roſſ. Ha, ha, ha.

J. Woodcock. Huſſey, huſſey.

Roſſ. Ha, ha, ha!—Your ſervant, ſir, your ſervant.

J. Woodcock. Why you impudent, audacious——

SCENE IX.

Juſtice WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN.

Hawth. So, ſo, juſtice, at odds with gravity! his worſhip playing a game at romps!—Your ſervant, ſir.

J. Woodcock. Hah: friend *Hawthorn!*

Hawth. I hope I don't ſpoil ſport, neighbour: I thought I had the glympſe of a petticoat as I came in here.

J. Woodcock. Oh! the maid. Ay, ſhe has been gathering a ſallad—But come hither, maſter *Hawthorn*, and I'll ſhew you ſome alterations I intend to make in my garden———

Hawth. No, no, I am no judge of it:—beſides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, ſir juſtice, were you helping your maid to gather a ſallad here, or conſulting her taſte in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha!—Let me ſee, all among the roſes; egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are aſhamed of the buſineſs, then, are you?

AIR

AIR XXV.

Oons! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt—a truce with grimace—
Would do the ſame thing, were they in the ſame place.

No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe:
We all love a pretty girl——under the roſe.

J. Woodcock. I profeſs, maſter *Hawthorn*, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't underſtand a word of it.

Hawth. No, may be not: well, ſir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can underſtand that: It is juſt brought by a ſervant, who ſtays for an anſwer.

J. Woodcock. A letter, and to me! *(taking the letter)* Yes, it is to me; and yet I am ſure it comes from no correſpondent, that I know of. Where are my ſpectacles? not but I can ſee very well without them, maſter *Hawthorn*; but this ſeems to be a ſort of a crabbed hand.

SIR,

I am aſhamed of giving you this trouble; but I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a ſon of mine, now diſguiſed, and in your ſervice, in the capacity of a gardener: Tom *is a little wild, but an honeſt lad, and no fool either, tho' I am his father that ſay it.* Tom—oh, this is *Thomas*, our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Hawth. Well, well, ſir; pray let's hear the reſt of the letter.

J. Woodcock. Stay, where is the place? oh, here: *I am come in queſt of my runaway, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am ſwallowing a morſel of dinner: becauſe, not having the pleaſure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice* (whoever this perſon is, he underſtands good manners). *I beg leave to wait on you, ſir; but deſire you would keep my arrival a ſecret, particularly from the young man.*

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll aſſure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the perſon who writes it, neighbour?

Hawth. Let me conſider—*Meadows*—By dad I believe it is ſir *William Meadows*, of *Northamptonſhire*; and, now I remember, I heard, ſome time ago, that the heir of that family had abſconded, on account of a marriage that was diſagreeable to him. It is a good many years ſince I have ſeen ſir William, but we were once well acquainted; and, if you pleaſe, ſir, I will go and conduct him up to the houſe.

J. Woodcock. Do ſo, maſter *Hawthorn*, do ſo—— But, pray what ſort of a man is this ſir *William Meadows*, is he a wiſe man?

Hawth. There is no occaſion for a man that has five thouſand pounds a year to be a conjurer; but I ſuppoſe you aſk that queſtion becauſe of this ſtory about his ſon; taking it for granted, that wiſe parents make wiſe children?

J. Wood-

J. Woodcock. No doubt of it, maſter *Hawthorn*, no doubt of it—I warrant we ſhall find, now, that this young raſcal has fallen in love with ſome minx, againſt his father's conſent——Why, ſir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at ſchool in the deſtruction of Troy, not one of them would ſerve me ſo.

Hawth. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we ſhould remember when we were young ourſelves; and I was as likely to play an old don ſuch a trick in my day, as e'er a ſpark in the hundred; nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

AIR XXVI.

My Dolly *was the faireſt thing!*
Her breath diſclos'd the ſweets of ſpring;
And if for ſummer you wou'd ſeek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.
Her ſwelling boſom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type.
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

J. Woodcock. Ah, you were always a ſcape-grace rattle cap.

Hawth. Odds heart, neighbour *Woodcock*, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach 'till we're hoarſe again; and ſo there's an end on't.

SCENE X.

Juſtice WOODCOCK's hall.

HODGE, MARGERY.

Hodge. So, miſtreſs, who let you in?

Marg. Why, I let myſelf in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why, then pray let yourſelf out again. Times are come to a pretty paſs; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door firſt——What does the wench ſtand for?

Marg. I wan't to know if his worſhip's at home.

Hodge. Well, what's your buſineſs with his worſhip?

Marg. Perhaps you will hear that——Look ye, *Hodge*, it does not ſignify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't.

Marg. No, that's what I won't, by the beſt man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your maſter gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will.

Marg. Yes, that's what I will; his worſhip ſhall be acquainted with all your pranks, and ſee how you will like to be ſent for a ſoldier.

Hodge. There's the door; take a friend's advice, and go about your buſineſs.

Marg. My buſineſs is with his worſhip; and I won't go till I ſees him.

Hodge. Look you, *Madge*, if you make any of your orations here, never ſtir if I don't ſet the dogs at you——Will you be gone?

Marg.

Marg. I won't.

Hodge. Here towzer, *(whiſtling)* whu, whu, whu.

AIR XXVII.

Was ever poor fellow ſo plagu'd with a vixen?
Zawns! Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I ſay;
You've choſe a wrong parſon for playing your tricks on,
So pack up your awls and be trudging away:
You'd better be quiet,
And not breed a riot;
S'blood muſt I ſtand prating with you here all day?
I've got other matters to mind;
May hap you may think me an aſs;
But to the contrary you'll find:
A fine piece of a work by the maſs!

SCENE XI.

ROSSETTA, HODGE, MARGERY.

Roſſ. Sure I heard the voice of diſcord here—as I live an admirer of mine, and if I miſtake not, a rival—I'll have ſome ſport with them—how now fellow ſervant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing Mrs. *Roſſetta*, only this young woman wants to ſpeak with his worſhip;—*Madge* follow me.

Marg. No *Hodge*, this is your fine madam! but I am as good fleſh and blood as ſhe, and have as clean a ſkin too, tho'f I mayn't go ſo gay; and now ſhe's here I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue will you.

Marg. No, I'll ſpeak if I die for it.

Roſſ. What is the matter I ſay.

Hodge.

Hodge. Why nothing I tell you;—*Madge*——

Marg. Yes, but it is ſomething, it's all along of ſhe, and ſhe may be aſhamed of herſelf.

Roſſ. Bleſs me child, do you direct your diſcourſe to me?

Marg. Yes, I do, and to nobody elſe; there was not a kinder ſoul breathing than he was till of late; I had never a croſs word from him till he kept you company; but all the girls about ſay, there's no ſuch thing as keeping a ſweetheart for you.

Roſſ. Do you hear this, friend *Hodge?*

Hodge. Why, you don't mind ſhe I hope; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do; my mind runs upon nothing elſe; and if ſo be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to night, before to morrow.

Marg. You're a naſty monkey, you are parjur'd, you know you are, and you deſerve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her——I'll teach you to call names, and abuſe folk.

Marg. Do, ſtrike me; you a man!

Roſs. Hold, hold—we ſhall have a battle here preſently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off—— Never exaſperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns;—Leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her! I'll kick her.

Roſs. No, no, it will be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means;——I warrant I'll bring her to reaſon.

Hodge. Well, do ſo then;—But may I depend upon you? when ſhall I ſpeak to the Parſon?

Roſs.

Roſs. We'll talk of that another time;—Go.

Hodge. Madge, good by.

Roſs. The brutality of this fellow ſhocks me!—— Oh man, man—you are all alike—A bumpkin here, bred at the barn door! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more faſhionably vicious? ſhew me the lord, 'ſquire, colonel, or captain of them all, that can out-do him.

AIR XXVIII.

Ceaſe gay ſeducers pride to take,
In triumphs o'er the fair;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As thoſe in higher ſphere.

Where then to ſhun a ſhameful fate
Shall hapleſs beauty go;
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry ſtate,
Poor Woman finds a foe;

SCENE XII.

ROSSETTA, MARGERY.

Marg. I am ready to burſt, I can't ſtay in the place any longer.

Roſs. Hold child, come hither.

Marg. Don't ſpeak to me, don't you.

Roſs. Well, but I have ſomething to ſay to you of conſequence, and that will be for your good; I ſuppoſe this fellow promiſed you marriage.

Marg. Ay, or he ſhould never have prevail'd upon me.

Roſs.

Roſs. Well, now you ſee the ill conſequence of truſting to ſuch promiſes: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, ſhe has no longer hold of him; he deſpiſes her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of; and like a lawleſs conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occaſioned.

Marg. ——Nan!

Roſs. However, I hope the experience you have got, though ſomewhat dearly purchaſed, will be of uſe to you for the future; and as to any deſigns I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourſelf eaſy, for I aſſure you, I ſhall be no dangerous rival, ſo go your ways and be a good girl.

Marg. Yes——I don't very well underſtand her talk, but I ſuppoſe that's as much as to ſay ſhe'll keep him herſelf; well let her, who cares, I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head that may-be will be more to my advantage.

AIR XXIX.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll ſeek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week;
A ſervice in London is no ſuch diſgrace,
And Regiſter's office will get me a place:
Bet Bloſſom went there, and ſoon met with a friend,
Folks ſay in her ſilks, ſhe's now ſtanding an end!
Then why ſhould not I the ſame maxim purſue?
And better my fortune as other girls do.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter ROSSETTA *and* LUCINDA.

Roſſ. Ha! ha! ha! Oh admirable, moſt delectably ridiculous. And ſo your father is content he ſhould be a muſic-maſter, and will have him ſuch, in ſpite of all your aunt can ſay to the contrary?

Lucin. My father and he, child, are the beſt companions you ever ſaw: they have been ſinging together the moſt hideous duets! Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King: Heaven knows where *Euſtace* could pick them up; but he has gone through half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy with him.

Roſſ. And have you reſolved to take wing to night?

Lucin. This very night, my dear: my ſwain will go from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn, where he has left his horſes; and, at twelve preciſely, he will be with a poſt-chaiſe at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promiſed to meet him.

Roſſ. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

Lucin. We ſhall ſlip out when the family is a-ſleep, and I have prepared *Hodge* already. Well, I hope we ſhall be happy.

Roſſ. Never doubt it.

AIR XXX.

In love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art;
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart:

If ought of ſubſtantial delight,
On this ſide the ſtars can be found;
'Tis ſure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SCENE XIV.

ROSSETTA, LUCINDA, HAWTHORN.

Hawth. Lucy, where are you?

Lucin. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Roſſ. Mr. *Hawthorn*, your ſervant.

Haw. What, my little water-wagtail! The very couple I wiſhed to meet: come hither both of you.

Roſſ. Now, Sir, what would you ſay to both of us?

Hawth. Why, let me look at you a little——have you got on your beſt gowns, and your beſt faces? If not, go and trick yourſelves out directly, for I'll tell you a ſecret——there will be a young batchelor in the houſe, within theſe three hours, that may fall to the ſhare of one of you, if you look ſharp——but whether miſtreſs or maid——

Roſſ. Ay, marry, this is ſomething; but how do you know, whether either miſtreſs or maid will think him worth acceptance?

Hawth. Follow me, follow me, I warrant you.

Lucin. I can aſſure you, Mr. *Hawthorn*, I am very difficult to pleaſe.

Roſſ. And ſo am I Sir.

Hawth. Indeed!

AIR

AIR XXXI.

Well, come, let us hear, what the ſwain muſt poſſeſs
Who may hope at your feet to implore with ſucceſs?

Roſſ. *He muſt be, firſt of all,*
Straight, comely, and tall:
Lucin. *Neither aukward,*
Roſſ. *Nor fooliſh;*
Lucin. *Nor apiſh,*
Roſſ. *Nor muliſh;*
Lucin. Roſſ. *Nor yet ſhould his fortune be ſmall.*
Hawth. *What think'ſt of a captain?*
Lucin. *All bluſter and wounds!*
Hawth. *What think'ſt of a ſquire?*
Roſſ. *To be left for his hounds.*
Lucin. *The youth that is form'd to my mind,*
Muſt be gentle, obliging, and kind;
Of all things in nature love me:
Roſſ. *Have ſenſe both to ſpeak, and to ſee—*
Yet ſometimes be ſilent and blind.
Hawth. *'Fore George a moſt rare matrimonial receipt,*
Roſſ. *Obſerve it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;*
Lucin. *Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A parlour in Juſtice WOODCOCK*'s houſe. Enter Sir* WILLIAM MEADOWS, *followed by* HAWTHORN.

Sir Will. WELL this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry faith; ha, ha, ha; was ever the like heard of? that my boy *Tom*, ſhould run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never ſaw! that ſhe ſhould ſcamper from her father, for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they ſhould run into one another's arms this way in diſguiſe; by mere accident; againſt their conſents, and without knowing it, as a body may ſay? May I never do an ill turn, maſter *Hawthorn*, if it is not one of the oddeſt adventures partly——

Hawth. Why, Sir *William*, it is a romance; a novel; a pleaſanter hiſtory, by half, than the loves of Doraſtus and Faunia: we ſhall have ballads made of it within theſe two months, ſetting forth, how a young 'ſquire became a ſerving man of low degree; and it will be ſtuck up with Margaret's Ghoſt and the Spaniſh Lady, againſt the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir Will. But what pleaſes me beſt of all, maſter *Hawthorn*, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the ſervant ſaid ſhe wanted to ſpeak to me, if I knew what

what to make on't: but when the little gypſey took me aſide, and told me her name, and how matters ſtood, I was quite aſtoniſhed as a body may ſay; and could not believe it partly; till her young friend, that ſhe is with here, aſſured me of the truth on't. Indeed at laſt I began to recollect her face, though I have not ſet eyes on her before, ſince ſhe was the height of a full grown greyhound.

Hawth. Well Sir *William*, your ſon as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and if you'll follow my counſel, we'll have ſome ſport with him.—He and his miſtreſs were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, ſhe's gone to dreſs herſelf in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

Sir Will. With all my heart, maſter *Hawthorn*, with all my heart, do what you will with me, ſay what you pleaſe for me; I am ſo overjoyed and ſo happy.——And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to ſee you too, ay, and partly as much pleaſed at that as any thing elſe, for we have been merry together before now, when we were ſome years younger: Well and how has the world gone with you maſter *Hawthorn* ſince we ſaw one another laſt.

Hawth. Why, pretty well Sir *William*, I have no reaſon to complain: every one has a mixture of ſour with his ſweets: but in the main I believe I have done in a degree as tollerably as my neighbours.

AIR

AIR XXXII.

The world is a well furniſh'd table,
Where gueſts are promiſc'ouſly ſet;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And ſcramble for what we can get.

My ſimile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge while ſome ſcarce have a taſte;
But if I am content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feaſt.

SCENE II.

Sir W. MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA.

Roſs. Sir *William*, I beg pardon for detaining you; but I have had ſo much difficulty in adjuſting my borrowed plumes——

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, ſo you do: Cocks bones how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this—Her father, maſter *Hawthorn*, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almoſt out of his ſenſes for the loſs of her—But tell me, huſſey, has not this been all a ſcheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my ſon? Faith I am half perſuaded it has, it looks ſo like hocus pocus as a body may ſay.

Roſſ. Upon my honour, Sir *William*, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your ſon, and he unknown to me: I never in the leaſt ſuſpected that *Thomas* the gardener was other than his appearance ſpoke him; and leaſt of all, that he was a perſon with whom I had ſo cloſe a connection.

tion. Mr. *Hawthorn* can teſtify the aſtoniſhment I was in when he firſt informed me of it: but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir Will. Is not ſhe a neat wench maſter *Hawthorn?* May I never do an ill turn but ſhe is—But you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Roſſ. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuouſly Sir, ſince your ſon and I have been fellow ſervants, as I may call it, in this houſe, I have had more than reaſon to ſuſpect he had taken a liking to me; and I will own with equal frankneſs, had I not looked upon him as a perſon ſo much below me, I ſhould have had no objection to receiving his courtſhip.

Hawth. Well ſaid by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Roſs. Perhaps I may be cenſured by ſome for this candid declaration; but I love to ſpeak my ſentiments; and I aſſure you Sir *William*, in my opinion, I ſhould prefer a gardener, with your ſon's good qualities, to a knight of the ſhire without them.

AIR XXXIII.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the ſoul convey;
Minds poſſeſs ſuperior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the ſun true merit ſhews,
By nature warm by nature bright;
With inbred flames, he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

Hawth. Well, but Sir, we loſe time—is not this about the hour you appointed to meet in the garden?

Roſs.

Roſs. Pretty near it.

Hawth. Oons then what do we ſtay for? come my old friend come along, and by the way we will conſult how to manage your interview.

Sir Will. Ay, but I muſt ſpeak a word or two to my man about the horſes firſt.

SCENE III.

ROSSETTA, HODGE.

Roſs. Well—What's the buſineſs?

Hodge. Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon!

Roſs. Why *Hodge*, don't you know me?

Hodge. Mrs. *Roſsetta!*

Roſs. Ay.

Hodge. Know you, ecod I don't know whether I do or not: never ſtir, if I did not think it was ſome lady belonging to the ſtrange gentlefolks: why you ben't dizen'd this way to go to the ſtatute dance preſently, be you?

Roſs. Have patience and you'll ſee:—But is there any thing amiſs that you came in ſo abruptly?

Hodge. Amiſs! why there's ruination.

Roſs. How, where?

Hodge. Why with miſs *Lucinda:* her aunt has catch'd ſhe, and the gentleman above ſtairs, and over-heard all their love diſcourſe.

Roſs. You don't ſay ſo!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this inſtant, but by good luck, I heard Mrs. *Deborah*'s voice, and run down again, as faſt as ever my legs could carry me.

Roſs. Is your maſter in the houſe?

Hodge.

Hodge. What his worſhip? no, no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Roſs. Poor *Lucinda*, I wiſh I could go up to her, but I am ſo engaged with my own affairs——

Hodge. Mrs. *Roſsetta.*

Roſs. Well.

Hodge. Odds bobs, I muſt have one ſmack of your ſweet lips.

Roſs. Oh ſtand off, you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why ſo coy, there's reaſon in roaſting of eggs; I would not deny you ſuch a thing.

Roſs. That's kind, ha, ha, ha!—but what will become of *Lucinda?* Sir *William* waits for me, I muſt be gone.——Friendſhip a moment by your leave, yet as our ſufferings have been mutual, ſo ſhall our joys; I already loſe the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

AIR XXXIV.

The traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn ſurveys.

The riſing proſpects viewing,
Each look is forward caſt;
He ſmiles his courſe purſuing,
Nor thinks of what is paſt.

SCENE IV.

HODGE, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA.

Hodge. Hiſt, ſtay! don't I hear a noiſe?

Lucin. (within) Well, but dear, dear aunt.

Mrs. Deb. (within) You need not ſpeak to me, for it does not ſignify.

Hodge. Adwawns they are coming here, ecod I'll get out of the way;—Murrain take it this door is bolted now—So ſo.

Mrs. Deb. Get along, get along; *(driving in Lucinda before her)* you are a ſcandal to the name of *Woodcock!* but I was reſolved to find you out, for I have ſuſpected you a great while, though your father, ſilly man, will have you ſuch a poor innocent.

Lucin. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Deb. I was determined to diſcover what you and your pretended muſic maſter were about; and lay in wait on purpoſe: I believe he thought to eſcape me, by ſlipping into the cloſet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and pleaſe the fates there he ſhall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Lucin. You won't be ſo cruel, I am ſure you won't, I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. Deb. Telling me the truth quotha? did I not overhear your ſcheme of running away to night, thro' the partition! did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you ready for going off? No brazen-face, I found out the truth by my own ſagacity, though your

your father ſays I am a fool! but now we'll be judged who is the greateſt.——And you Mr. Raſcal, my brother ſhall know what an honeſt ſervant he has got,

Hodge. Madam!

Mrs. Deb. You were to have been aiding and aſſiſting them in their eſcape, and have been the go-between it ſeems, the letter-carrier!

Hodge. Who me madam!

Mrs. Deb. Yes, you ſirrah!

Hodge. Miſs *Lucinda*, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavy before his worſhip——

Mrs. Deb. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue.

Lucin. I own aunt I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuſe myſelf; but we are all ſubject to frailties, conſider that, and judge of me by yourſelf, who were once young, and inexperienced as I am.

AIR XXXV.

If ever a fond inclination,
Roſe in your boſom to rob you of reſt;
Reflect with a little compaſſion,
On the ſoft pangs, which prevail'd in my breaſt.
Oh where, where would you fly me;
Can you deny me thus torn and diſtreſt;
Think when my lover was by me,
Would I, how cou'd I, refuſe his requeſt?
Kneeling before you, let me implore you;
Look on me ſighing, crying, dying;
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying!
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

Mrs. Deb. This is mighty pretty romantic ſtuff! but you learn it out of your play books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we work'd at our needles, and kept ourſelves from idle thoughts: before I was your age, I had finiſhed with my own fingers, a complete ſet of chairs, and a fire ſcreen in tent ſtitch; four counterpanes in Marſailles quilting; and the creed and the ten commandments, in the hair of our family: it was framed and glazed, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his houſe. I never looked into a book, but when I ſaid my prayers, except it was the complete houſewife, or the great family receipt book: whereas you are always at your ſtudies! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Lucin. Well, pray madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. *Euſtace* out, and I promiſe, I never will proceed a ſtep farther in this buſineſs, without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. Deb. Have not I told you already my reſolution?—Where are my clogs and my bonnet? I'll go out to my brother in the fields; I'm a fool you know child, now let's ſee what the wits will think of themſelves,—Don't hold me——

Lucin. I'm not going;—I have thought of a way to be even with you, ſo you may do as you pleaſe.

SCENE

SCENE V.

HODGE.

Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be ſhot if I did'nt—So here's a fine jobb—But what can they do to me——They can't ſend me to jail for carrying a letter, ſeeing there was no treaſon in it; and how was I obligated to know my maſter did not allow of their meetings:—The worſt they can do, is to turn me off, and I am ſure the place is no ſuch great purchaſe—indeed, I ſhall be ſorry to leave Mrs. *Roſſetta*, ſeeing as how matters are ſo near being brought to an end betwixt us; but ſhe and I may keep company all as one: and I finds *Madge* has been ſpeaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London; ſo that I have got rid of ſhe, and I am ſure I have reaſon to be main glad of it, for ſhe led me a wearyſome life—But that's the way of them all.

AIR XXXVI.

A plague of thoſe wenches, they make ſuch a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for ſomething or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage,
What tho'ſ he ſpeaks them ne'er ſo fairly
Still they keep teazing teazing on:
You cannot perſuade 'em;
'Till promiſe you've made 'em:
And after they have got it,
They tell you——add rot it,
Their character's blaſted, they're ruin'd, undone;
And then, to be ſure, ſir,
There is but one cure, ſir,
And all the diſcourſe is of marriage.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A Greenhouſe.

Enter Young MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this ſuit of cloaths in my bundle, though I hardly know myſelf in them again, they appear ſo ſtrange, and feel ſo unweildly. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come (*looking at his watch*) : perhaps ſhe won't come——Why then I'll go into the village, take a poſt-chaiſe, and depart without any farther ceremony.

AIR XXXVII.

How much ſuperior beauty awes,
The coldeſt boſoms find;
But with reſiſtleſs force it draws,
To ſenſe and ſweetneſs join'd.
The caſket, where to outward ſhew.
The workman's art is ſeen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
It holds a gem within.

Hark! ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS *and* HAWTHORN.

Y. Meadows. Confuſion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir Will. Tom, are not you a ſad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I never do

do an ill turn, but you deſerve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, ſirrah, don't you think it worth your while to ſpeak to me?

Y. Meadows. Forgive me, ſir, I own I have been in a fault.

Sir Will. In a fault! to run away from me becauſe I was going to do you good.—May I never do an ill turn, maſter *Hawthorn*, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in England; and the raſcal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propoſe to yourſelf, Tom? I know you were always fond of Botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertiſe fruit-trees and flowering ſhrubs, to be had at *Meadows*'s nurſery.

Hawth. No, Sir *William*, I apprehend the young gentleman deſigned to lay by the profeſſion; for he has quitted the habit already.

Y. Meadows. I am ſo aſtoniſhed to ſee you here, ſir, that I don't know what to ſay; but, I aſſure you, if you had not come, I ſhould have returned home to you directly. Pray, ſir, how did you find me out?

Sir Will. No matter, Tom, no matter; it was partly by accident, as a body may ſay, but what does that ſignify—tell me, boy, how ſtands your ſtomach towards matrimony; do you think you could digeſt a wife now?

Y. Meadows. Pray ſir, don't mention it; I ſhall always behave myſelf as a dutiful ſon ought: I will never marry without your conſent, and I hope you won't force me to do it againſt my own.

Sir

Sir Will. Is not this mighty provoking, maſter *Hawthorn?* Why Sirrah, did you ever ſee the lady I deſigned for you?

Y. Meadows. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but at preſent, I am not diſpoſed.

Hawth. Nay, but young gentleman, fair and ſoftly, you ſhould pay ſome reſpect to your father in this matter.

Sir Will. Reſpect, maſter *Hawthorn!* I tell you he ſhall marry her, or I'll diſinherit him! there's once. Look you Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll ſee you contracted before we part; or you ſhall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Y. Meadows. Have you brought the lady here, ſir? I am ſorry for it.

Sir Will. Why ſorry? what then you won't marry her? we'll ſee that! pray, maſter *Hawthorn*, conduct the fair one in.—Ay ſir, you may fret, and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you pleaſe, but marry whip me, I'm reſolved.

SCENE VIII.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, *Young* MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Hawth. Here is the lady, ſir *William.*

Sir. Will. Come in, madam, but turn your face from him—he would not marry you becauſe he had not ſeen you: but I'll let him know my choice ſhall be his, and he ſhall conſent to marry you before he ſees you, or not an acre of eſtate—Pray ſir walk this way.

Y. Mea-

Y. Meadows. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but, ſince you urge me ſo cloſely, I muſt tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir Will. How, *Tom*, how!

Y. Meadows. I was determined, ſir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be diſagreeable to you.

Sir Will. And pray, ſir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

Y. Meadows. To a perſon, ſir, whoſe rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her; but whoſe charms and accompliſhments entitle her to a monarch. I am ſorry, ſir, it's impoſſible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your preſence.

Sir Will. Not I, not in the leaſt; go about your buſineſs.

Y. Meadows. Sir, I obey.

A I R XXXVIII.

Roſſ. *When we ſee a lover languiſh,*
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how ſweet to heal his anguiſh,
And repay him love for love.

Sir Will. Well, *Tom*, will you go away from me now?

Hawth. Perhaps, ſir *William*, your ſon does not like the lady: and if ſo, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Y. Meadows. You need not have taken this method, ſir, to let me ſee you were acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir Will. Well, but *Tom*, ſuppoſe I give my conſent to your marrying this young woman?

Y. Meadows. Your conſent, ſir!

Roſſ. Come, ſir *William*, we have carried the jeſt far enough; I ſee your ſon is in a kind of embarraſſment, and I don't wonder at it; but this letter, which I received from him a few days before I left my father's houſe, will, I apprehend, expound the riddle. He cannot be ſurprized that I ran away from a gentleman who expreſſed ſo much diſlike to me; and what has happened ſince chance brought us together in maſquerade, there is no occaſion for me to inform him of.

Y. Meadows. What is all this? Pray don't make a jeſt of me.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, *Tom*, if it is not truth; this is my friend's daughter.

Y. Meadows. Sir!

Roſſ. Even ſo; 'tis very true indeed. In ſhort, you have not been a more whimſical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman; but you ſee we are deſigned for one another 'tis plain.

Y. Meadows. I know not, madam, what I either hear or ſee; a thouſand things are crowding on my imagination; while, like one juſt wakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which deluſion.

Sir Will. Well then, *Tom*, come into the air a bit, and recover yourſelf.

Y. Meadows. Nay, dear ſir, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

Sir Will. Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my bleſſing into the bargain.

Y. Mea-

Y. Meadows. Then, ſir, I am the happieſt man in the world; I enquire no farther; here I fix the utmoſt limits of my hopes and happineſs.

AIR XXXIX.

Y. Mead. *All I wiſh in her obtaining,*
Fortune can no more impart;
Roſſ. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,*
Speak the feelings of my heart.
Y. Mead. *Joy and pleaſure never ceaſing,*
Roſſ. *Love with length of years increaſing.*
Together. *Thus my heart and hand ſurrender,*
Here my faith and truth I plight;
Conſtant ſtill, and kind, and tender,
May our flames burn ever bright.

Hawth. Give you joy, ſir; and you, fair lady—And, under favour, I'll ſalute you too, if there's no fear of jealouſy.

Y. Meadows. And may I believe this?——Pr'ythee tell me, dear *Roſſetta.*

Roſſ. Step into the houſe and I'll tell you every thing—I muſt intreat the good offices of ſir *William*, and Mr. *Hawthorn*, immediately; for I am in the utmoſt uneaſineſs about my poor friend *Lucinda.*

Hawth. Why, what's the matter?

Roſſ. I don't know; but I have reaſon to fear I left her juſt now in very diſagreeable circumſtances; however, I hope, if there's any miſchief fallen out between her father and her lover———

Hawth. The muſic-maſter! I thought ſo.

Sir Will. What is there a lover in the caſe? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, ſo I am; for we'll

make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it, take a trip to *London*, to ſhew the brides ſome of the pleaſures of the town. And, maſter *Hawthorn*, you ſhall be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

Hawth. Thank you, ſir *William*; I'll go into the houſe with you, and to church to ſee the young folks married; but, as to *London*, I beg to be excuſed.

AIR XL.

If ever I'm catch'd in thoſe regions of ſmoak,
That ſeat of confuſion and noiſe,
May I ne'er know the ſweets of a ſlumber unbroke,
Nor the pleaſure the country enjoys.
Nay more, let them take me, to puniſh my ſin,
Where, gaping, the Cockneys *they fleece,*
Clap me up with their monſters, cry, Maſters walk in,
And ſhew me for two pence a-piece.

SCENE IX.

Juſtice WOODCOCK*'s hall.*

Enter Juſtice WOODCOCK, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE, HODGE.

Mrs. Deb. Why, brother, do you think I can hear, or ſee, or make uſe of my ſenſes? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her cloſet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

J. Woodcock. Well, you hear what they ſay.

Mrs. Deb. I care not what they ſay; its you encourage them in their impudence——Hark'e, huſſey, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Lucin,

Lucin. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll anſwer you.

Euſt. Serioufly madam, this is carrying the jeſt a little too far.

Mrs. Deb. What then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor over-hear your deſign of going off to night, nor find the bundles packt up——

Euſt. Ha, ha, ha!

Lucin. Why aunt you rave.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, as I am a chriſtian woman, ſhe confeſſed the whole affair to me from firſt to laſt; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. Deb. What ſirrah, would you brazen me too, take that *(boxes him)*.

Hodge. I wiſh you would keep your hands to yourſelf, you ſtrike me, becauſe you have been telling his worſhip ſtories.

J. Woodcock. Why ſiſter you are tipſey!

Mrs. Deb. I tipſey brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing ſtrong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little Annyſeed water, when I have got the cholic.

Lucin. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the ſtomach-ach all day: and may have taken too powerful a doſe of your cordial.

J. Woodcock. Come, come, I ſee well enough how it is, this is a lye of her own invention, to make herſelf appear wiſe: but you ſimpleton, did not you know I muſt find you out?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA, *Young* MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. Bleſs me Sir! look who is yonder.

Sir Will. Cockſbones, Jack, honeſt Jack, are you there.

Euſt. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky—Sir *William* your ſervant.

Sir Will. Your ſervant again, and again, heartily your ſervant; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

J. Woodcock. Pray Sir *William*, are you acquainted with this perſon?

Sir Will. What, with Jack *Euſtace!* why he's my kinſman: his mother and I are couſin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow; may I never do an ill turn if I tell a word of a lye.

J. Woodcock. Well, but Sir *William*, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; this man is a muſic maſter; a thrummer of wire, and ſcraper of cat-gut, and teaches my daughter to ſing.

Sir Will. What Jack *Euſtace* a muſic maſter! no no, I know him better.

Euſt. S'death, why ſhould I attempt to carry on this abſurd farce any longer?—What that gentleman tells you is very true, Sir; I am no muſic maſter indeed.

J. Woodcock. You are not, you own it then?

Euſt. Nay, more Sir, I am as this lady has repreſented me, *(pointing to Mrs. Deborah)* your daughter's lover; whom with her own conſent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that Sir *William Meadows*

dows is here, to tell you who, and what I am; I throw myſelf upon your generoſity, from which I expect greater advantages, than I could reap from any impoſition on your unſuſpicious nature.

Mrs. Deb. Well brother, what have you to ſay for yourſelf now? you have made a precious day's work of it? had my advice been taken: Oh I am aſhamed of you, but you are a weak man and it can't be helpt; however you ſhould let wiſer heads direct you.

Lucin. Dear papa, pardon me.

Sir Will. Ay, do ſir forgive her; my couſin Jack, will make her a good huſband, I'll anſwer for it.

Roſs. Stand out of the way, and let me ſpeak two or three words to his worſhip;—Come my dear ſir, though you refuſe all the world, I am ſure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault—You know what I mean.—Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our paſt affections——What not a word!

AIR XLI.

Go naughty man, I can't abide you;
Are then your vows ſo ſoon forgot?
Ah! now I ſee if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—Make them happy;
Bleſs the fond pair, and crown their bliſs:
Come be a dear good-natur'd pappy;
And I'll reward you with a kiſs.

Mrs. Deb. Come turn out of the houſe; and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do

do it, he's a juſtice of peace;——turn out of the houſe I ſay:——

J. Woodcock. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the houſe——he ſhall ſtay where he is.

Mrs. Deb. He ſhan't marry my neice.

J. Woodcock. Shan't he? but I'll ſhew you the difference now, I ſay he ſhall marry her, and what will you do about it.

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your eſtate too, will you?

J. Woodcock. Yes I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why I am ſure he's a vagabond.

J. Woodcock. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, brother!

Hawth. Come, come, madam all's very well, and I ſee my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of ſenſe and prudence.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but I ſay ſo too.

J. Woodcock. Here young fellow, take my daughter; and bleſs you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; obſerve that.

Euſt. Sir, in giving me your daughter, you beſtow upon me more than the whole world would be without her.

Roſs. Dear *Lucinda*, if words could convey the tranſports of my heart upon this occaſion——

Lucin. Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendſhip; only let us reſolve to preſerve our eſteem for each other.

Y. Meadows. Dear *Jack*, I little thought we ſhould ever meet in ſuch odd circumſtances——but here has been the ſtrangeſt buſineſs between this lady and me—

Hodge.

Hodge. What then, Mrs. *Roſſetta*, are you turned falſe-hearted after all; will you marry *Thomas* the gardener; and did I forſake *Madge* for this?

Roſs. Oh lord! *Hodge*, I beg your pardon; I proteſt I forgot; but I muſt reconcile you and *Madge* I think, and give you a wedding dinner to make you amends.

Hodge. N—ah.

Hawth. Adds me, Sir, here are ſome of your neighbours come to viſit you, and, I ſuppoſe, to make up the company of your ſtatute ball; yonder's muſic too I ſee; ſhall we enjoy ourſelves! If ſo give me your hand—

J. Woodcock. Why here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourſelves; Heaven bleſs you both, children, I ſay —Siſter *Deborah*, you are a fool.

Mrs. Deb. You are a fool, brother; and mark my words———But I'll give myſelf no more trouble about you.

Hawth. Fidlers ſtrike up.

AIR XLII.

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleaſure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendſhip do our duty;
Laugh and ſing ſome good old ſtrain,
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign.

THE END.

A Table of the Songs, with the names of the ſeveral compoſers. *N. B.* Thoſe marked thus* were compoſed on purpoſe for this Opera.

A New Overture by Mr. Abel.

ACT I.

1	Hope thou nurſe of young deſire	Mr. Weldon
2	Whence can you inherit	Abos
3	My heart's my own, my will is free	Arne
4	When once love's ſubtle poiſon gains	Arne
5*	Oh had I been by fate decreed	Howard
6	Gentle youth ah tell me why	Arne
7*	Still in hopes to get the better	Arne
8	There was a jolly miller once	
9	Let gay ones and great	Baildon
10	The honeſt heart whoſe thoughts are free	Feſting
11	Well well ſay no more	*Larry Grogan*
12	Cupid, god of ſoft perſuaſion	Gardini
13	How happy were my days till now	Arne
14	A medley	

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ACT II.

15	We women like weak Indians trade	Paradies
16	Think, my faireſt, how delay	Arne
17*	Believe me, dear aunt	Arne
18	When I followed a laſs that was froward and ſhy	
19	Let rakes and libertines reſign'd	Handel
20	How bleſt the maid whoſe boſom	Gallupi
21	In vain I every art aſſay	Arne
22	Begone, I agree	Arne
23	Oh how ſhall I in language weak	Cary
24	Young	

24 Young I am and ſore afraid — Gallupi
25 Oons neighbour ne'er bluſh for a trifle like this — Arne
26 My Dolly was the faireſt thing — Handel
27 Was ever poor fellow ſo plagu'd with a vixen — Agus
28 Ceaſe, gay ſeducers, pride to take — Arne
29 Since Hodge proves ungrateful — Arne
30 In love ſhould there meet a fond pair — Barnard
31*Well come let us hear what the ſwain muſt poſſeſs — Arne

ACT III.

32 The world is a well furniſh'd table — Arne
33 It is not wealth, it is not birth — Gardini
34*The traveller benighted — Arne
35 If ever a fond inclination — Geminiani
36 Plague o' theſe wenches, &c. — *St. Patrick's day*
37*How much ſuperior beauty awes — Howard
38 When we ſee a lover languiſh — Arne
39 All I wiſh in her obtaining — Arne
40 If ever I'm catch'd in thoſe regions of ſmoke — Boyce
41*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you — Arne
42 Hence with cares, complaints and frowning — Boyce

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